The ODD CORNER

Around the Hearth.

Like tew set erround th' fire
These here chilly nights,
When th' dadblame wind outside
Kind o' snarls an' bites;
Like tew kind o' set and soak
In th' heat I do,
Tel I'm kind o' natcherly
Saccherated thru.

Like tew set erround th' fire;
Warm es fast, I-jing!
Drinkin' cider when it's got
Jes a little sting;
Like tew watch th' children play
'Round me on th' floor,
While I eat my apples up
Clean down tew th' core.

Like tew set erround th' fire
Glowin', warm an' red,
After all th' fambilee
Hev gone off tew bed;
Like tew set an' think an' nod
To'rd th' sparks that leap—
Jes erobut one-fourth awake
An' three-fourths asleep.

Odd Drinking Cups.

When every man got drunk and was proud of it, in olden days, much ingenuity was expended in the construction of queer and elaborate drinking vessels, and many such are yet to be found in museums, especially in Germany.

One, preserved in a Berlin museum, represents Diana mounted on a stag and surrounded by hounds and huntsmen. The cup consists of the hollow body of the silver stag, the head of which is removable. The piece stands 14 inches high. It was made at Augsburg in 1610. It is also an automobile, propelled by clockwork concealed in the base.

Trick cups, which drenched the uninitiated, were very popular. Another variety contained wine and water in separate compartments. The drinker who did not know how to manage them filled his mouth with water, though the cup was apparently full of wine.

The glass with the fighting hares, in

the same museum, belonged to Fredrich Wilhelm I. The hares represent two of his ministers and boon companions.

Tortoise Is a Mouser.

A Philadelphia woman who dislikes both cats and mice has discovered a novel substitute for one as an exterminator of the other. This substitute is nothing more or less than an ordinary land tortoise.

Ever since last summer, when the tortoise was added to the family circle by the woman's youngest son, aged 9, she has noticed that the mice, with which the house had previously been overrun, were gradually disappearing.

It was not until the other day, however, that she discovered the cause. She was sitting very quietly with some fancy work, and the tortoise, which has the liberty of the house, was apparently asleep in a corner. Presently a little mouse made its appearance, and the tortoise opened its beady eyes. Round and round ran the mouse, getting nearer and nearer the tortoise as though fascinated. Finally it was within striking distance. The tortoise darted out its head, there was a snap of the jaws, a tiny little squeak, and the mouse was dead.

Then the tortoise calmly and deliberately set to work, says the Philadelphia Record, to eat its victim.

Deep Places in the Sea.

Some surprising ocean depths around Porto Rico have been discovered by officers of the United States dispatch boat Dolphin, who are making soundings.

These seem to confirm the theory held by hydrographers that the Atlantic in the vicinity of Porto Rico and Bermuda is of the greatest known depressed area, except that in some few places in the Pacific. Reports received at the navy department in Washington from the Dolphin state that the record of 4,561 fathoms obtained by the Blake in 1882 has been surpassed by one made about seventy miles westward of the position of the greatest previously discovered depth in the North Atlantic. The Dolphin found bottom after 4,662 fathoms (over five miles) of wire had been run out. This is said to be the deepest spot so far found in the entire Atlantic.

As compared with depths ascertained in other parts of the world, these soundings indicate that the next deepest places found in the Atlantic are in the Caribbean Sea south of the Great Cayman, where the ocean's bottom was touched at 3,284 fathoms.

The deepest known spot in the South Atlantic ocean is a place of 4,030 fathoms, lying eleven miles south of the equator off the Brazilian coast. The most depressed portion of the crust of the earth so far recorded is in the North Pacific ocean, and was discovered by Lieut. Commander H. M. Hodges in the Nero, who measured a depth of 5,269 fathoms. This depression is nearly equalled in depth by an area lying a short distance east of the Kermadec Islands in the South Pacific ocean, where the British ship Penguin ran out 5,142 fathoms of line in 1895.

The deepest place in the Indian ocean, according to United States surveys is where about 3,293 fathoms have been found. In the Antarctic regions the greatest soundings taken show 1,995 fathoms, and in the Arctic ocean a depth of 2,650 fathoms has been reported.

Cranes the Only Inhabitants.

In Minnesota there is a picturesque island that is uninhabited by man and given up to the cranes. When the Indians held full sway these birds decided upon this spot as a summer resort. As time went on and no white man had the temerity to disturb them they became sole owners, until now this island is pointed out from passing boats as one of the curiosities of the country.

It is estimated that 3,000 cranes make there home there in the summer season, and they can be seen wading out in the water, ducking their long necks, and heard emitting a peculiar squawk to warn off intruders.

The nests are made of very large sticks and are often the size of a bushel basket. They are usually built on some substantial tree. In the years that have passed since this region was first settled by white men only one or two attempts have been made to land on the island, and these have resulted disastrously.

Waste in Writing.

In typewriting 500 letters you waste one hour in writing "Dear Sir" and "Yours very truly." Now the total annual number of letters sent through the post all over the world is 8,000,000,000. Of course this is not all commercial correspondence, nor is it all typewritten, but for the purpose of having some statistical starting point it will be assumed that it is. To write "Dear Sir" and "Yours very truly" for this number of letters would take one typist 16,000,000 hours, allowing 300 working days to the year, about 6,700 years. To translate this into an approximation of its money value, allowing $10 as the salary of the typist and eight hours as the average day's work, the cost would be $3,350,000.

Gold in an Onion Patch.

George Martin has a little plot of ground back of his home at Jeffersonville, Ind., in which he planted onion sets a short time ago. The sunshine of Sunday started them to growing. Thinking the freeze of Monday night might have killed his little patch, Martin went out to see what damage had been done. To his surprise he found an old-time gold dollar wedged in one of the onion tops and being pushed up out of the ground. The coin bore the date of 1858, but when or how it got into the garden is not known.

Must Not Play Billiards.

The playing of billiards by students has been prohibited by the State Agricultural college of Oregon. The action was by resolution of the faculty, and makes suspension the penalty of violation of the rule. In making the announcement in chapel President Gatch said an examination of the college records showed that 80 per cent of the failures in class work were by students who frequented billiard halls.

An Intelligent Bird.

The yakamik, or trumpeter, of Venezuela, a fowl of the crane species, is a bird of extraordinary intelligence. The natives use it instead of sheep dogs for guarding and herding their flocks. It is said that, however far the yakamik may wander with the flocks, it never fails to find its way home at night, driving before it all the creatures intrusted to its care.

MIND TRULY A WONDERFUL THING

Inventor Saw Possibilities in a Harnessed Cyclone.

It was during the portion of his career when he lived in the valley of the South Fork of the Big Sunflower river that Henry Plymshaw, the inventor, made his most notable invention. This invention had to do with cyclones.

One afternoon Inventor Plymshaw saw a splendid specimen of a funnel cyclone coming over the prairie, and he called to me and said we would go out and study it, since it was evident that it was going to one side. The instant the cyclone sighted us it came straight in our direction. We weren't prepared for this exactly, so all we could do was to run. We were just on the point of giving up, when a most extraordinary thing happened. Curious thing. Sort of natural, too. That cyclone stepped down a fifty foot well. And there it was. Only one leg, and that down a fifty-foot well in the middle of a sheep pasture. If it had two legs no doubt it could have scrambled out, but it couldn't make it with one. Couldn't do anything except revolve. And it did do that. I never saw a cyclone revolve like that one. Mad, apparently, because it had missed Plymshaw and me, and got caught. So it just buzzed around like a top. Nothing in the world to stop it.

Most men—mere men of action—would have been satisfied at getting away and not having to revolve with the houses and lots; but not Plymshaw. No; he got to thinking, and what was the result? Put a belt around the stem of that cyclone just at the top of the well, set up a dynamo, strunk wire, and ran all the machinery and electric lights in that part of the country. Regular Niagara for power. Going yet. Nothing to stop it, you see. Wonderful what a thing mind is!—Harper's Magazine.

WIFE IS NOT THE ONLY DRUDGE

Sir Walter Besant Shows That Man Also has His Troubles.

I have lived a good long time in the world. I have made acquaintances by the hundred; friends—not so many. Looking back upon all the people I have known, I can safely say that the number of unhappy marriages I have personally witnessed has been very small indeed, said Sir Walter Besant. By far the larger number of the wives have accepted cheerfully the position of housekeeper and matron. They have kept house for the husbands and children whose happiness is their own.

Many of them have kept house with the earnest intention of making a house beautiful, which became a continual feast for themselves; many of them have brought art into every part of the daily life, which has been a continual feast for themselves, as well as the other members of the house; for all the matrons the daily work has been a daily delight. Then, as for drudgery and monotony, is there none in a man's work?

Think of the monotony and drudgery of a city clergyman's life, when every day he has to tramp around the ungrateful slums. Think of the monotony and drudgery of the solicitor, always drawing up endless documents in the hideous legal jargon. No. The monotony of life, I am quite sure, is pretty evenly ladled out to working man or wedded wife.

The Tables Neatly Turned.

There is a certain brilliant young lawyer in Brooklyn with a reputation for ability in "rattling" witnesses who had the tables neatly turned on him in a damage suit the other day. A prominent Heights physician testified as to the character of the injuries sustained by the plaintiff, and the young lawyer was seeking to ridicule his testimony. The physician had said that the plaintiff's brain and spinal cord had been injured and that the injury to the brain was manifested by an increased knee jerk.

"Now, see here, doctor," said the lawyer, going through a series of physical contortions, chiefly with is knees, "what does this increased knee jerk of mine show?"

"Well," said the doctor, "taking your exhibition of yourself before the jury and this knee jerks, I should say that you were suffering from serious brain trouble."—New York Times.

Humming Birds' Journeys.

That it may have the entire field to itself and escape the keen competition of hosts of tropical relatives for the nectar and minute insects in the deep-tubed brilliant flowers that please him best, the ruby-throated humming bird, sole representative of his family east of the Mississippi, travels from Central America or beyond to Labrador and back again every summer of its incessantly active little life. Think what the journey from Yucatan even to New England must mean for a creature so tiny that its outstretched wings measure barely two inches across! It is the smallest bird we have. Wherein lodges the force that propels it through the sky at a speed and a height which take it instantly beyond the range of human vision?—Neltje Blanchan in the Ladies' Home Journal.

The Rise of Japan

Prominent Part Played in History by Little American Village Schoolhouse

Every schoolboy who has read history knows that when Commodore Perry and his little fleet of Yankee warships sailed into the picturesque harbor of Yeddo, Japan, just half a century ago, he unlocked the door of a veritable pleasure house, and started on foot one of the most remarkable national developments that the world has ever known. From the treaties he wrung from the Japanese has come untold wealth to the world of commerce, while the people who before had sat dormant and in darkness have

seen a great light and become one of the great powers of the earth.

But histories has not recorded—at least popular histories have not—that much of the success which attended Commodore Perry's great mission was due to a little Yankee schoolhouse, in the little town of Fairhaven, on the shores of Buzzard's bay, Mass. The wondering open-heartedness with which the American commissioners were received was not spontaneous. For a mere lad, whose education had been obtained in that little Massachusetts village, had paved the way and sown the seeds of friendliness and eager curiosity which made possible the friendly overtures brought behind the grim muzzles of those old black cannon of Commodore Perry.

That lad, who was afterward nearly half a century, an honored nobleman of the Yankeeland of the east, is now dead. His name was Manjiro Nakahama, and his life story reads like a veritable romance.

It was in 1840 or 1841 when the American whaleship John Howland of Fairhaven, Captain William H. Whitfield, sailing on a cruise in the Japan sea, sighted a speck on the bosom of the Pacific. The speck was found to be the wreck of a Japanese fishing boat, stranded hopelessly on a lone reef in the open ocean.

Clinging desperately to the frail bamboo frame were five Japanese fishermen, gaunt and well-nigh famished. Already they had lost all hope of being saved, for they were farther from land than any Japanese had ever been before, according to tradition, and not a particle of food remained within reach.

Captain Whitfield took the poor creatures off and made them comfortable on what was perhaps the biggest ship they had ever seen. They proved apt pupils, and soon became useful sailors.

After a few weeks the John Howland reached Honolulu, and there Captain Whitfield decided to drop all of his superfluous crew but the smallest, a snip of a boy, in whom the captain had taken a decided interest. This

In Japanese Costume.

boy, scarcely 15 years of age, had shown himself bright and capable, and displayed an insatiable greed for the knowledge he found the Yankees possessed, and of which he had never dreamed.

A mere fisher lad, he had had no education whatever, and the ship from an unknown land was to him a thing of wonderful interest. He begged to accompany his benefactor home, and finally the captain yielded.

For want of a better interpretation of his Japanese name, his playmates in Fairhaven called the boy John Mung, and as John Mung he went to school for the next six years in the little village school of Fairhaven. The men who to-day are the leaders in town affairs were then his playmates, and many are their reminiscences of the funny little Jap and his struggles with the English language and Yankee ways. But he was certainly bright and few excelled him in his classes, once he had contrived to get the hang of things.

When he left school John Mung learned the cooper's trade and followed it for a while. When he attained his majority he took the necessary steps to become an American citizen, and his name may be found on the old lists of the town. From a cooper ashore it was but a step to be a ship's cooper, and in 1846 or 1847 he shipped on the bark Franklin for a whaling voyage.

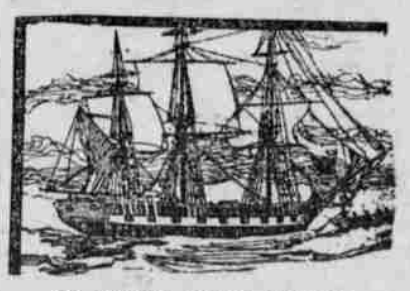
During that voyage he applied himself closely to the study of navigation. He was actually learning it for a whole nation, but he little knew this as he applied himself to his task. By the time he returned home he was a competent navigator. He remained ashore but a short time, and then shipped on a vessel bound to the mines of California, impelled by the gold fever which swept over the country in 1849. He landed at San Francisco and went to the mines, but only remained a few weeks.

During all his wanderings John Mung had cherished an intense love for his old home and his mother. He wanted once more to see Japan, and in 1850 he went home.

Commodore Perry, it appears, knew nothing of John Mung and his companions. When he opened negotiations with the mikado and his court he did it through the Chinese, and then by the Chinese-Dutch interpreters to the Dutch-English speaking force.

It was a very unsatisfactory method.

Without saying a word to Commodore Perry and his staff of what they were doing, the officials of the imperial court determined to put John Mung, or, as he was again known,



Commodore Perry's Flagship.

Manjiro Nakahama, to the test. He was taken to the imperial palace at Yeddo and secreted in room adjoining that in which the negotiations were in progress. Every word spoken by the Americans he heard, and interpreted to the Japanese long before the official interpretations had been officially reported.

When the time came to decide on what should be done in the way of treaties the officials had a long conference with Nakahama, and his friendly words in behalf of the Americans are said to have had a great influence in determining the attitude of the Japanese. Yet Commodore Perry sailed away without knowing that that little village school in Fairhaven had made possible the success of his great commercial mission.

Pronunciation of St. Louis.

There is one train announcer in this city who seems to have had a college education. You can see him any day at the Grand Central Station. And he pronounces St. Louis "Sanh Louee," in other words, in the French style.

"That may be good French," said a Western man who heard the announcer, but it's the first time I ever heard that pronunciation in this part of the country.

"Easterners are more apt to call the place "Saint Louie,' not sounding the final 's' in 'Louis' and sounding the 't' plainly. People out West say 'Saint Louiss.'

"The only other thing I ever heard the place called was 'almighty hot.' But 'Sanh Louee!' Never!"—New York Sun.

Is United States She or It?

We have now decided that the United States "is" and not "are." We have determined the number and we now want to know the sex. Is the United States "she" or "it"?

A number of English writers who involve us in international politics regard us as feminine. Of England we say "she." France's sex has never been in doubt, and nations, like ships, are by general acceptance feminine.

"The United States, she is a great nation," would be an appropriate modern head for a copybook for the school children. Thus might a grammatical fact be impressed upon the plastic mind.—Philadelphia Times.